

# THE BEACON

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL  
AND THE HOME



VOLUME III.

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NUMBER 8



CORN HUSKING—EASTMAN JOHNSON.

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## The Corn Song.

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!  
Heap high the golden corn!  
No richer gift has autumn poured  
From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean  
The apple from the pine,  
The orange from its glossy green,  
The cluster from the vine.

We better love the hardy gift  
Our rugged vales bestow,  
To cheer us when the storm shall drift  
Our harvest-fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers  
Our ploughs their furrows made,  
While on the hills the sun and showers  
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain  
Beneath the sun of May,  
And frightened from our sprouting grain  
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June  
Its leaves grew green and fair,  
And waved in hot midsummer's noon  
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now with autumn's moonlit eves,  
Its harvest-time has come,  
We pluck away the frosted leaves,  
And bear the treasure home.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

## The Place that Jerry Won.

BY ARTHUR S. WILBUR.

*In Two Parts.*

### Part II.

Jerry's feet seemed to land on pneumatic cushions every step of the way down to the Xanho frat house. He caught himself enveloped in a broad grin, and muttering aloud everything the coach had said. When he found Reardon, the university centre, he signed him hard and fast for a summer's engagement of passing balls.

Jerry soon found that systematic practice with definite aims was something different from the desultory playing around he had been doing for two years. It was harder, for one thing, particularly the swinging his leg along the wall for minutes at a time. But then it was more interesting, too, to feel that he was preparing himself for future service. So he buckled down to work with the same tenacity and single-mindedness

that were his father's special virtues. His whole summer vacation he spent with Reardon on a farm, faithfully practising Munsey's code of rules from A to Z. And he came back in the fall confident of surprising even the coach himself.

And he did, for the very first day on the field Jerry kicked fifty successive goals from within his limits!

"Better than I had expected!" applauded the coach, when Jerry's fifty-first ball stopped short of the goal-posts.

Jerry glanced at Munsey's grim face, and saw a broad smile burrowing into its wrinkles and brightening its angles.

"Now you'll need to perfect your kicking under the actual pressure of playing conditions. Reardon, keep working daily on the field here with Jerry until you know just where he wants the ball, and he knows absolutely that he'll get it. But save yourself, Jerry. Save yourself for the big game. Then, if we don't beat the Farmers, I'll resign and go to coaching hod-carriers."

"We'll do our level best to keep you," laughed the boys.

"That game depends on Jerry here, if I'm not mistaken. And good team work, of course," Munsey went on. "The Farmers have nearly all their old men back I hear, and we'll have a close shave at best."



He called the regulars together, and outlined his plan of keeping Jerry in reserve for goal-kicking, after the team had done its best with the game. It was greeted with a round of cheers, and every man there took in his belt a notch and vowed to work as he had never done before.

Soon Jerry's kicking was well-nigh infallible. So good was it, in fact, that the coach began to worry.

"I'll never dare to put you into a regular game before we meet the Farmers," he fumed. "It would betray our strength. You'll have to go to practising misses, Jerry, for I want to give you a chance to kick goal in all these first games."

Everybody laughed good-naturedly, but the coach looked serious. Just before the opening of the first game of the season, Munsey called Jerry aside.

"If we're way ahead to-day, and I let you kick goal, do you think you can miss it?" he pleaded.

"I'll play my very worst possible," promised Jerry, with a grin.

At the end of the game Jerry was called to punt out. It was really an easy distance, but so well did he estimate it that the ball came to a stop just short of the goal. The opposition rooters howled their glee, and Jerry knew their roars voiced no compliments to his skill as a punter. But he caught the coach's twinkling eyes, and grinned in undisguised joy.

In the next game Reardon passed him the ball for a thirty-five yard kick. Munsey had again instructed him to miss, and Jerry's heart stood still as the ball soared aloft. Had he given it too much carry? He watched the downward curve anxiously, and outlined the track it must take. But he had gauged it to a nicety, for the ball settled down a foot short of the line.

He finished the fourth game on the Teacher's home grounds, in a distance so short and easy that he simply had to make it. The team guyed him all the way home about the evening paper's comment: "Free-man has at last succeeded in kicking goal, after trying all season."

Finally the team was on the eve of its big game, that with the Agricultural College, played on the State University's own grounds.

Jerry, Reardon, and Munsey held a secret meeting that evening, and carefully went over all the details.

"Jerry won't play at all until he's needed for the final kick," announced the coach.

"Protected and spared, like a queen bee?" grinned Reardon.

"But, if they know what I'm sent in for, they'll be hot on the ball before it gets a good start," worried Jerry.

"The pass can't be delayed a second longer than necessary," exclaimed Munsey. "You fellows must get it over before they can form. Jerry, you know your ground perfectly, so there'll be no hesitation for place. You two agree on some private signal, and the instant Reardon gets the sign he lets the ball go."

"I've noticed," volunteered Jerry, "that, whenever I take position going on backwards, I can save a good half minute. I get a line on the goal-posts while I'm running in."

"Do it, do it, then," exploded Munsey. "But don't forget to watch your backs. See that they're in position before you signal. We can't afford any risks, for it's sure to be a close game."

The next day Jerry nervously watched

all the manoeuvres from the side lines. Up to the very last minute the Farmers were scoring ahead, and Jerry realized that his one brief play was all that could win the game. The ball made its last stop just inside the lines and at a distance of forty-five yards from goal. Jerry threw off his cap, leaped upon the bench, and was standing there between two howling, dancing subs when he got his signal to come.

He sprang to the ground, and bounded off on a swift, eager trot for the field. As he pounded along, he suddenly grew cool and confident, and rehearsed the smallest detail of his allotted task. He imaged every step of the coming performance: not a jot of it escaped his mind.

Nearing the spot, he whirled about, and got Reardon in line with the middle of the crossbar forty-five yards away. Keeping the line of direction true, he trotted backward until he got his distance from Reardon.

A sympathetic silence fell all about him. The roaring bleachers lulled to a whisper. He could hear the boys around him holding their breaths lest they should rattle him. Only the Farmers breathed heavily, and he glimpsed their husky centre hitching up his belt. One glance about assured him that his protective backs were crouching ready for the first move the enemy should make.

Then Jerry wriggled his ears.

Reardon's arms twitched once, and like an echo came the ball. Jerry swung his strong right leg, there was a thud of inflated leather suddenly arrested in mid-flight, and the next instant the ball was sailing toward the crossbar as straight and true as though fired from a cannon.

Jerry knew that his year's work was done.

So suddenly had it all happened, that most of the Farmers were not even in regular formation when the pass was made. And even one of the S. U. I. men was in the same predicament! Just as the ball left Reardon, Jerry, out of the corner of his eye, saw one Farmer start suddenly forward to follow it through; but the protective backs were ready and the lone Farmer dropped in his tracks. Only the sound of the departing ball aroused the most of the enemy to a realization that the kick had been made!

When the pigskin dived over the crossbars, a roar broke out from the bleachers,—a roar with his name on the end of it. Like a flash Jerry dropped his tense right leg, and ran for the gymnasium to escape the man-handling that roar threatened.

They caught him, eventually, and cheered him to their heart's content. But all the lionizing of the day was not half so sweet to Jerry as his father's comment:

"Well done, son. I'm proud of you. 'Past question, every experience is of benefit to us sometime.' If you hadn't booted balls around for two years, you couldn't have made that remarkable kick to-day."

Jerry burned to the roots of his hair. Then he threw up his head in frank confession:

"It is, dad. If you hadn't put me right, I'd be booting balls around yet."

(The End.)

"Grandma," asked little Tommy one evening at the supper table, "do your glasses make things look bigger?"

"Yes, dear," said grandma. "Why?"

"Oh," said Tommy, "I only thought if they did, maybe you'd take them off when you're cutting my piece of cake."

## To Whom shall We give Thanks?

A little boy had sought the pump

From whence the sparkling water burst,  
And drank with eager joy the draught

That kindly quenched his raging thirst;  
Then gracefully he touched his cap,

"I thank you, Mr. Pump," he said,

"For this nice drink you've given me."

(This little boy had been well-bred.)

Then said the pump: "My little man,

You're welcome to what I have done;

But I am not the one to thank,

I only help the water run."

"Oh! then," the little fellow said

(Polite he always must be),

"Cold Water, please accept my thanks,

You have been very kind to me."

"Ah!" said Cold Water, "don't thank me!

For up the hillside lives a spring

That sends me forth with generous hand,

To gladden every living thing."

"I'll thank the Spring, then," said the boy,

And gracefully he bowed his head.

"Oh, don't thank me, my little man,"

The Spring with silvery accents said.

"Oh, don't thank me, for what am I

Without the dews and summer rain?

Without their aid I ne'er could quench

Your thirst, my little boy, again."

"Oh! well, then," said the little boy,

"I'll gladly thank the rain and dew."

"Pray, don't thank us! without the sun

We could not fill one cup for you."

"Then, Mr. Sun, ten thousand thanks

For all that you have done for me!"

"Stop," said the Sun, with blushing face,

"My little fellow, don't thank me.

'Twas from the ocean's mighty stores

I drew the draught I gave to thee."

"Oh, Ocean, thanks," then said the boy.

It echoed back, "No thanks to me!"

"Not unto me, but unto Him

Who formed the depths in which I lie,

Go give thy thanks, my little boy,

To him who will thy wants supply."

The boy took off his cap and said,

In tones so gentle and subdued,

"O God, I thank Thee for Thy gift,

Thou art the Giver of all good."

ANONYMOUS.

(From "Mother Song and Child Song.")

## Lucky Charms.

BY A. BLOXAM THOMSON.

"Will you buy a charm?" said the Gypsy lass;

A rabbit's foot,

Some dragon's blood,

An owl's wing,

Or eye of a newt

Would bring you, ladye, to Fortune's flood."

"I like none of these," cried the bright-eyed maid;

"But some blue of the sky, I'd take,

And some glint of the brook,

And a wild bird's song

That with joy filled the lonely brake."

Teacher: "Freddy, you must not laugh out loud like that in the school-room."

Freddy: "I didn't mean to. I was smiling, and the smile bursted."



*"Not what I have, but what I do, is my kingdom."*

### The Thanksgiving Pumpkins.

Three little pumpkins grew on one vine. They were green and round and no bigger than baby's fist. The big leaves spread over them like the canopy of baby's carriage, or like the gay green umbrella that little sister carries to keep the sun off her freckled nose.

"I am going to be a big pumpkin," said one. "I am going to grow so big that everybody will come from all over the world to see me. I heard the farmer man telling some one the other day that I should be a prize pumpkin."

"I am going to grow very big, too," said the second pumpkin. "I am going to grow as big as the moon and just as yellow. I shall light the whole world."

The third pumpkin kept very still under his leaf umbrella. He was smaller than his brothers. He doubted very much if he could ever grow as big as the moon; and, as to having all the people in the world come to look at him, he felt that this would be very embarrassing, for he was a modest little pumpkin. He hoped he might be of some use in the world, but he did not know just how.

So he very politely asked the toad who came hopping along and stopped under his leaf umbrella one day:

"Of what use may a pumpkin be in the world, Mr. Toad?"

"Oh, a pumpkin may be used for many things," answered the toad, "but I think the very nicest pumpkins are made into pies. Everybody likes pumpkin pies, but not all pumpkins make good pies."

"Then I should like to be made into a pie for the little sister to eat," said the little pumpkin.

The other pumpkins heard him and laughed.

"Dear me! what an ambition!" said the first pumpkin, "to be willing to be made into a pie and eaten when one might hope to be a prize pumpkin and have everybody in the world come and look at him."

"What a silly!" said the second pumpkin, "to think of being made into a pie when one could light the whole world."

The little pumpkin did not answer, but he did not change his mind. Every day, when the little sister walked along the path at the edge of the field, he thought how nice it would be to make a pie for the little sister to eat, and thus help her to grow.

So he drank in the dew and the rain, and grew golden in the sun, and kept on quietly growing. By and by the corn was ripe, and the farmer came to gather the pumpkins.

"Ah!" he said, "what a fine, large pumpkin! I was sure it would be a prize pumpkin. I will take it to the village fair, and all the people of the village shall come and see it, and find what large pumpkins I raise."

The prize pumpkin glowed with pride as the farmer laid him carefully on his wheelbarrow.

"I am sorry that all the people in the world are not coming to see me," he said, "but I shall be seen by a great many, and one cannot have things just as he would wish."

"Good!" the farmer was saying. "Here is another fine, large pumpkin, so the little



FRUITS OF THE HARVEST.

son may have a big one, after all. Here, little son, you may have this pumpkin for a jack-o'-lantern and put it up on a post. I'll venture that it will throw a light as far as the middle of the street."

The pumpkin sighed. This was not quite like lighting the whole world! Still it was a very enviable lot to light part of one street.

Then the farmer saw the little pumpkin.

"Well, well!" he cried, "here is a little pumpkin, just the sort for a good pie. I know what we will do! We will have it for a Thanksgiving pie, and little son and little sister and all the little cousins shall each have a piece."

Then the little pumpkin almost burst his shell in the joy of what he heard: to be made into a Thanksgiving pie and help so many little children to grow, this was better than anything he had dared hope for. But then one gets so much better things in this world than one ever dares hope!

Then all the pumpkins were carried away into the big barn.

The little son came very soon and took away the pumpkin which had wished to light the whole world. It made a fine jack-o'-lantern, and sent a glow halfway across the street, and was quite content.

Soon after the farmer came and took the biggest pumpkin away to the fair. He polished it until it shone like gold. Many people stopped to look at it and said, "What a beautiful pumpkin!" And indeed it was such a beautiful pumpkin that a man, called the judge, pinned a blue ribbon to its stem, so that this pumpkin, too, was very happy.

But the best of all was when Thanksgiving Day came. Then the little sister and the little son and all the little cousins sat together at the long table and cook brought in a beautiful, brown pumpkin pie.

And, though there were turkey and cranberries and loaf cake and jelly, and many other good things, what the children liked best of all was the Thanksgiving pumpkin pie.

PHILA BUTLER BOWMAN,  
in the Kindergarten Review.

### The Caterpillar and the Engineer.

As a business man was walking with a young locomotive engineer, a chance acquaintance, he saw a caterpillar on the walk near them,—one of those fuzzy, velvety brown creatures that are so numerous on sunny autumn days,—and gently touched it with the edge of his shoe to see it roll into a circle.

The young engineer noticed the movement, and said to his companion: "I had an odd little experience with one of those caterpillars the other day. I was at a station with my engine, all ready to pull out, but waiting for my orders, which were a little delayed."

"While I waited, I looked down at the track ahead of the engine, and caught sight of a caterpillar crawling on one of the ties. He soon reached the rail, and tried to climb it, but failed time after time. I thought of Bruce and the spider, and grew fascinated in watching him. Again and again he tried to mount the smooth steel, and after each attempt he failed."

"But at last his patience and persistence were rewarded, and he gained the top of the rail right in front of the engine, and—just then my orders came! But do you think I could start her up then? No, sir!" and his tanned cheek took on a tinge of red, and his voice held a note of embarrassment as he continued, "I just had to jump down and help that little fellow off the rail, and then I let her go."

And, as the business man told me the story, there was a suspicious tremble in his voice and brightness in his eyes; and I thought I should like to know the brave young engineer who was tender enough to do this gentle deed, and was glad that I did know the business man who was tender enough to appreciate it.

Christian Endeavor World.

"Always pay as you go," said an old man to his nephew. "But, uncle, suppose I have nothing to pay with?" "Then don't go."



## THE BEACON.

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## Editorial.

The spirit of thanksgiving is in the air. We should do well to be thankful all the time for the blessings God bestows; but it is well that there comes one day in the year on which we remind ourselves to be truly grateful. So on this Sunday we have read the Psalms in which, centuries ago, the Hebrew nation praised the Lord. We have joined in singing our thanks for the harvest, for the beauty of the earth, for the love of friends, for everything that makes life good.

When the Thursday comes, which people sometimes call the "Governor's Sunday," there will be another service of prayer and praise. Then the day will furnish opportunity for feasting and frolic. Road races will be run, for which boys have been practising for weeks. Football games will be played, and crowds will stand about in the cold air to watch the sport. There will be home gatherings, with all the joy of the fireside, and the abundant dinner. "What a fine turkey!" "Good! there's ice-cream!" may not sound like thanks, but are not these expressions a sign of a gladness of heart from which true gratitude springs?

There was a good deal of sense in the remark made by an old woman who was asked by her minister which of all God's blessings, through her long life, she was most thankful for. She thought a moment and then replied, "My victuals."

Food is necessary to life. We do well to thank God for it. But our best thanks are not those which recognize just our own share of earth's bounty. Let us be glad for the whole harvest,—for the corn of Iowa, the grapes of California, the oranges of Florida, the grain of Minnesota and Canada, the apples of Michigan and Massachusetts, for all the good things from every part of the land. *Beacon* readers, wherever they live, may be one in heart at Thanksgiving, entering into the spirit of our Bible writer who said of his many blessings, "My cup runneth over."

## The Beacon Club.

Helpfulness is not something which waits to be called out. It is like a bubbling spring, flowing out of an abundant supply. So it happens that the Editor has received two letters containing hints which will be of value to some Sunday schools, before the paper asking for such contributions has been distributed. It is with especial pleasure that we print them here.

(1) KENNEBUNK, ME.,  
Oct. 13, 1912.

Editor of *The Beacon*:

Dear Sir,—Enclosed find answers to the Hidden Rivers and Anagrams of States.

I am twelve years old and a reader of *The Beacon*.

I like it very much and think the enigmas are fine. I go to the Unitarian church in Kennebunk, Me. Mrs. William Barry is the superintendent of the Sunday school. Every Christmas our Sunday school sends money to the Floating Hospital and other places in and around Boston.

Hoping my answers are correct, I remain,

Yours truly,

SHIRLEY HATCH.

(2)

SANTA CLARA, CAL.,  
Oct. 13, 1912.

*The Beacon*, Boston, Mass:

Dear *Beacon*,—These words of Lincoln are the motto of the Unitarian Sunday school of San José, Cal.:

"I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true; I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to the light I have. I shall stand by any one who stands right, and part with him when he goes wrong."

I enjoy your paper very much,

Your loving reader,

GERTRUDE GROTOPHORST.

## When He was Thankful.

"I can't think what you can find to sing about," said a blackbird to a thrush, who was pouring out a joyous carol from the top of an old stump.

"Can't you?" said the thrush. "I can't help singing when I'm thankful."

"That's just it," said the blackbird. "I can sing as well as any one when there's anything to be thankful for; but the ground is as hard as iron, there isn't a berry in the gardens, and where I am to get my breakfast from I'm sure I don't know. Perhaps you have had yours?"

"Not yet," said the thrush.

"Well, I would wait for my song till I had found some food, if I were you," said the blackbird.

"I've never gone without it yet, and I've no doubt I shall find some presently: at all events, it is a fancy I have to begin the day with a song."

Jewels.

## Two Streets.

BY PAULINE FRANCES CAMP.

Somebody lives on Pleasant Street,—  
Barbara Blithe, alert and sweet.

Things and people she finds "tho nithe!"  
(She lisps a bit, does Barbara Blithe.)

Turn the corner, and you will come  
To Dismal Street and Geraldine Glum,  
She doesn't find things nice, not she!  
Nothing is quite as it ought to be.

Pleasant things happen on Pleasant Street.  
The postman there you are apt to meet  
Carrying many an envelope,  
With "Please do come," and "You will, we hope."

The picnic van with its merry freight  
Often stops at Barbara's gate,  
While seldom has either been known to come  
To Dismal Street and Geraldine Glum.

But whisper! a bit of gossip sweet;  
There's an empty house on Pleasant Street;  
And Smiley and Company's wagon green  
In front of Geraldine's house was seen.

And a rumor is round, which I hope to prove,  
That Geraldine Glum has resolved to move.  
Selected.

## RECREATION CORNER.

## ENIGMA XIV.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 1, 2, 3, 9, is a grain.

My 14, 10, 16, is a verb.

My 16, 2, 5, is a part of the foot.

My 15, 6, 7, is not well.

My 4, 2, 2, 9, is the middle of the day.

My 6, 12, 16, 16, 5, 13, is what the postman brings.

My 8, 4, 1, 6, 12, is a relation.

My 11, 10, 4, 12, is something that climbs.

My *whole* is a place of learning.

C. B.

## BOSTON ENIGMA.

The whole, of forty letters, is what Holmes declared was the fixed idea of the Boston man.

26-9-6-21-14-17-32 12-9-32-32 is famous as the early meeting-place of American patriots.

20-2-32-40-11-3 and 20-40-21-34-15-13-6 were two of Boston's best-known literary sons.

40-5-34-7-16 was a pioneer inventor.

40-14-18-39-23-40 31-26 26-17-6-39 33-34-38-35 is among the newer of Boston's show places.

30-8-9-27-11 37-4-34-39-29-10 is one of the most notable of America's historic highways.

26-25-34-19 28-17-32-32 was one of the original elevated points of Boston—now levelled.

32-17-24-11-34-10-36 27-34-16-11 stood at the rallying-place of the Sons of Liberty.

9-6-6-29 22-17-1-24-11-6-37, a sister of one of the colonial governors, was executed on Boston Common for witchcraft.

*The Wellspring.*

## GENEROUS GEORGE'S PEACHES.

George bought a basket of peaches, and, meeting Tom, Dick and Harry, decided to divide with them. He gave Tom half, but Tom said that was too many and replaced ten peaches in the basket. George again divided the peaches, presenting one-half to Dick, who insisted on returning four. George then gave half of what he had left to Harry, who returned one. When George reached home, he found he had only thirteen peaches.

What was the original number in the basket?

E. P., in *the Wellspring*.

## CHANGES.

Start with a bird, behead it, and you'll have to roll about;

Behead again and now is left to let.

Now twice behead and have the noise an animal may make;

Curtail twice,—first behold, then fifty get.

C. J. K., in *the Wellspring*.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 6.

ENIGMA XI.—Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Boutwell. Brackett.

CONUNDRUMS.—1. Alphabet. 2. Silence. 3. Madam.

A BUNCH OF DATES.—1. Elucidate. 2. Candidate. 3. Intimidate. 4. Mandate. 5. Inundate. 6. Sedate.

7. Accommodate.

SQUARE WORD.—ALTAR

LEAVE

TAKES

AVERT

RESTS

## You and I.

"If you and I—just you and I—  
Should laugh instead of worry;  
If we should grow—just you and I—  
Kinder and sweeter hearted,  
Perhaps in some near by and by  
A good time might get started;  
Then what a happy world 'twould be  
For you and me—for you and me!"

Selected.